ALL NEW
CHIC YOUNG'S
BLONDIE
CHARLTON COMICS
25¢
NO. 217
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APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D SAY YOU ALL SPOTTED A PHEASANT!
H.K.P JUICE
PAUL FUNG JR.
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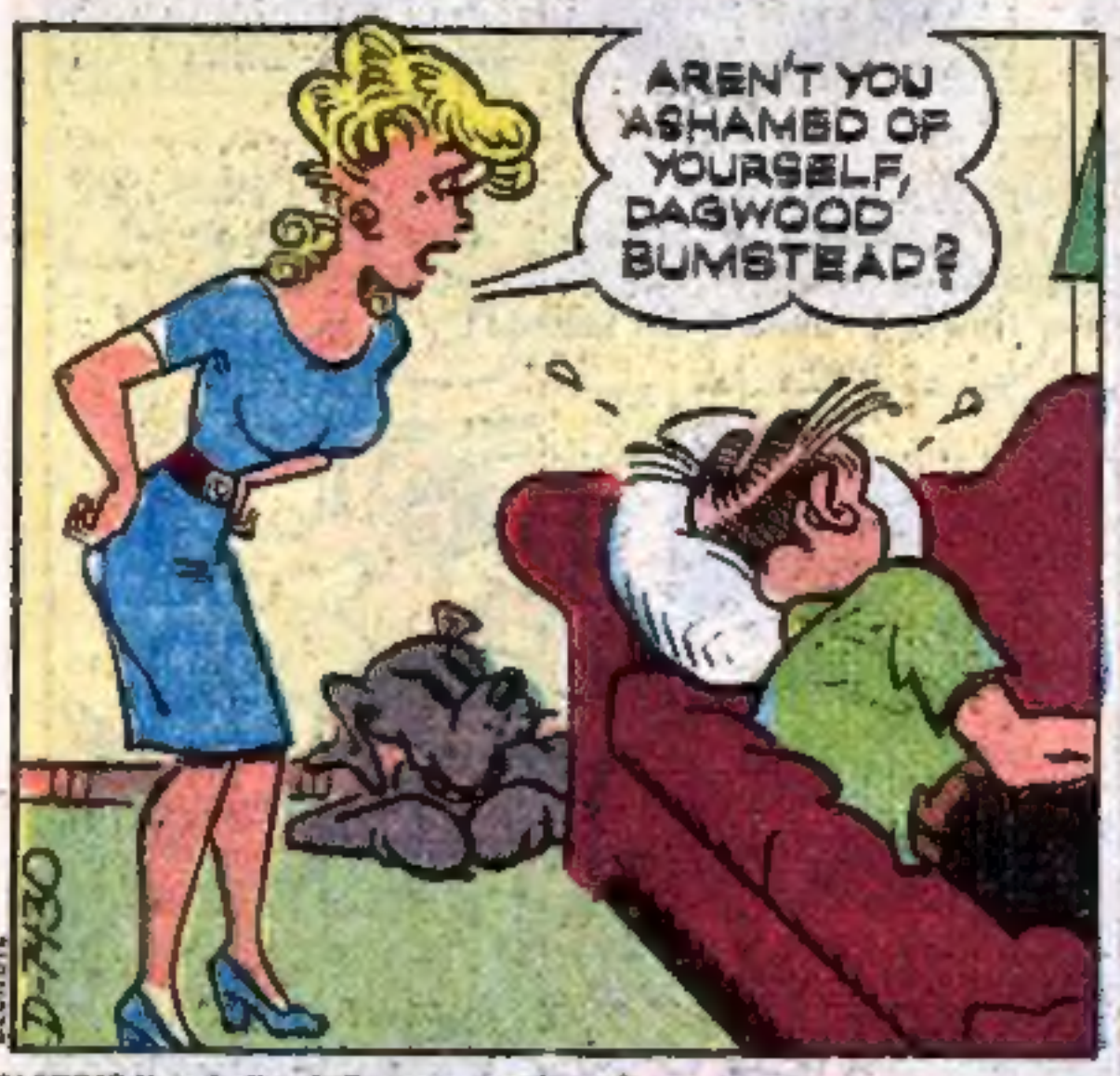
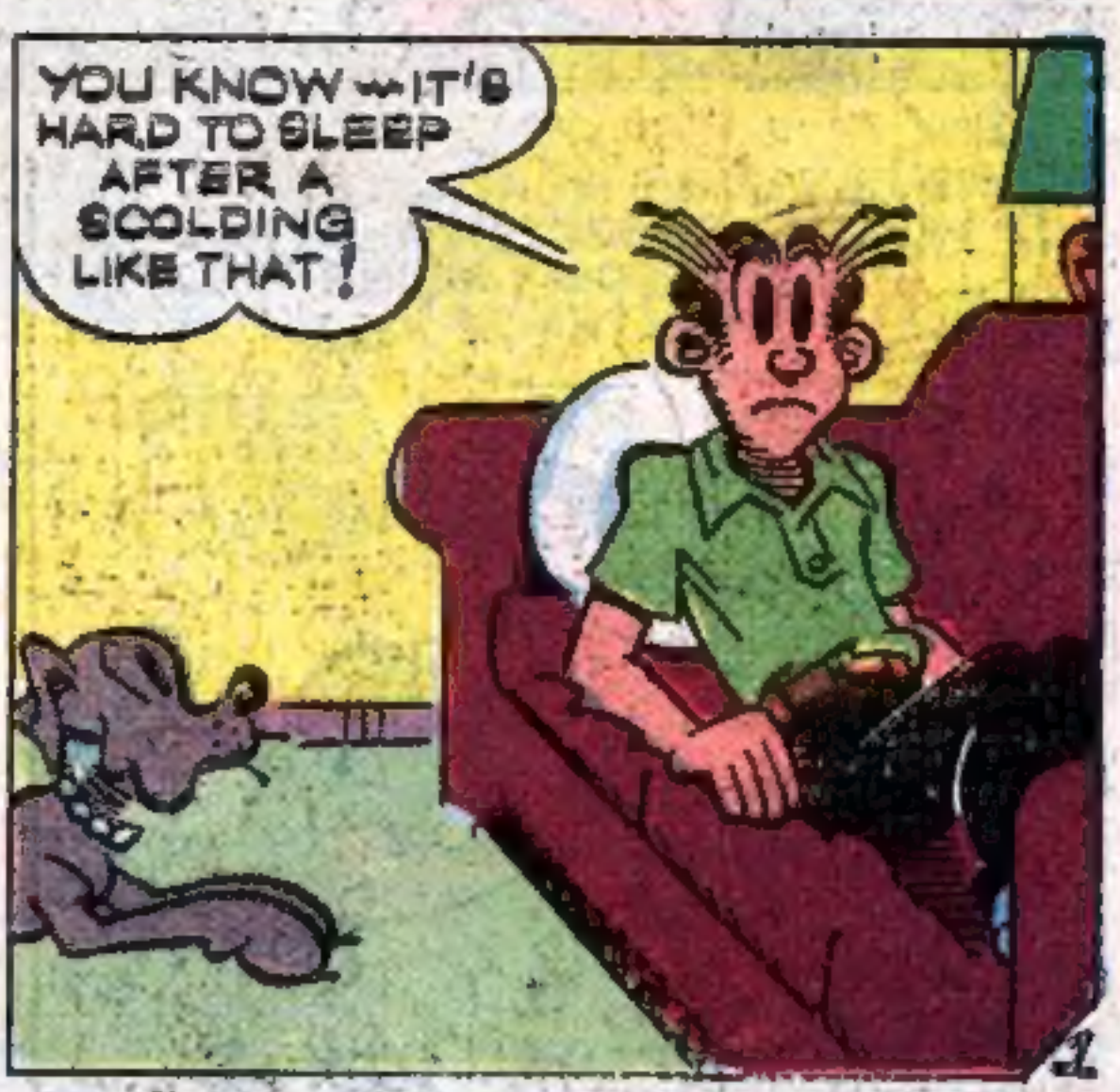
BLONDIE

DAGWOOD, EVERY HUSBAND IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD IS OUT WORKING IN HIS YARD — EVERYONE THAT IS, BUT YOU! HAVE YOU NO PRIDE IN YOUR HOME?





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BLONDIE ...YOU'RE RIGHT ... WHAT DO YOU WANT DONE? I'LL MAKE A LIST!

IT'S ABOUT TIME! FOR A START — THE GRASS NEEDS CUTTING AND THEN THE HEDGE NEEDS TRIMMING ...

...THE GARDEN NEEDS CULTIVATING — WEEDING YOU KNOW — AND THEN THE ROSES SHOULD BE SPRAYED!

THE GRASS... HEDGE AND WEEDS...

YEP, BLONDIE'S RIGHT... A MAN FEELS MUCH BETTER WHEN HE'S BUSY ACCOMPLISHING SOMETHING!

GARDENING REALLY MAKES MAN FEEL AS IF HE'S ACCOMPLISHING SOMETHING — YOU CAN WATCH YOUR EFFORTS GROW INTO THINGS OF BEAUTY!

I'LL TURN OVER A NEW LEAF AND DROP MY SHIFTLESS, LAZY ATTITUDE — NOW, LET'S SEE... WHAT SHALL I DO FIRST?

DAGWOOD, THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT TO ASK YOU ... DO YOU KNOW ...

WHAT DID YOU SAY, DEAR?

WHAT WAS IT YOU WANTED, DEAR? WHAT'S THE MATTER?

BOY, THIS YARD NEEDS A GOOD SPRINKLING!

THERE, NOW... I REALLY GAVE IT A SOAKING!

BOOM

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

A THUNDER STORM!

BOOM

OH, BOY... NOW MY CONSCIENCE WON'T BOTHER ME!

I LOVE THESE SUMMER SHOWERS!

THE END

PAUL FUNCO '75

BLONDIE

A VERY FULL DAY

OH, NO! MY GRACIOUS GOODNESS! I DIDN'T REALIZE IT WAS THAT LATE!

D-76501

I HAVE TO WAKE DAGWOOD OR HE'LL BE LATE FOR WORK AND IT'LL BE ALL MY FAULT!

DAGWOOD, GET UP!

LUCKY I HAD THIS PAPER BAG HANDY!

BANG

I'M SORRY, DEAR, I JUST GOT INVOLVED IN HOUSE WORK AND DIDN'T REALIZE WHAT TIME IT WAS... YOU'LL BE LATE TO WORK IF YOU DON'T HURRY!

I'LL EAT BREAKFAST AND GO...

YOU HAVENT TIME FOR BREAKFAST...BUT HERE... DRINK THIS COFFEE!

GOOD-BYE, DEAR!

DAGWOOD... YOU DIDN'T KISS ME!

NOW IF I CAN GET TO MY DESK WITHOUT THE BOSS SEEING ME — HOLD THAT ELEVATOR!

I HOPE NONE OF MY EMPLOYEES SEE ME... IT SETS A BAD EXAMPLE TO HAVE THE BOSS COME IN LATE!

PUF —

PUF —

CRASH

OH, MY HEAD!

COME INTO MY OFFICE, DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD, DID THE THOUGHT EVER CROSS YOUR MIND TO START A CHICKEN FARM?

SOMEHOW, I CAN TELL THIS IS GOING TO BE ONE OF THOSE LOUSY DAYS!

AS THE MORNING WEARS ON...LUNCH TIME ARRIVES AND....

OH, FOR GOSH SAKES...I FORGOT TO BRING THAT WONDERFUL LUNCH THAT BLONDIE MADE FOR ME THIS MORNING!

IT'S JUST AS WELL...I'M TRYING TO CUT DOWN ON FOOD ANYWAY—I'VE GOT TO LOSE WEIGHT!

BURP...

WELL, BACK TO WORK...I ATE TOO MUCH!

DAGWOOD, I CAN'T DO EVERYTHING IN THIS OFFICE—SO YOU'VE BEEN ELECTED...

ME? FOR WHAT? IS THIS "PICK ON ME; BUMSTEAD, DAY?" I JUST CAME BACK FROM LUNCH!

I DON'T CARE...YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE MR. R. BARBER TO LUNCH FOR ME...I HAVE ANOTHER APPOINTMENT AT WALLIES—YOU'LL MEET HIM AT THE PALM—NOW GET GOING!

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

BUT, MR. DITHERS, I'VE HAD MY LUNCH!

GO DIET TOMORROW — YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE HIM OUT ANYWAY — HE'S ONE OF OUR BEST CLIENTS — NOW PUT YOUR COAT ON AND DO AS YOU'RE TOLD!

GOOD FOOD... GREAT RESTAURANT!

YEH!

EAT UP, DAGWOOD... EAT IT ALL... REMEMBER, MR. DITHERS IS PAYING FOR THIS!

YEP! GULP... BURP!

OHH... I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD... IN FACT I FEEL TERRIBLE! BURP...

HEY, DAGWOOD!

YOUR WIFE IS HERE WITH YOUR LUNCH... SHE SAYS YOU FORGOT IT THIS MORNING!

QUICK-QUICK! GIVE ME SOMETHING FOR A VERY UPSET STOMACH!!

HE WAS HERE A MINUTE AGO!

OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT — I'LL JUST SPREAD HIS LUNCH OUT ON HIS DESK SO IT'LL BE ALL READY FOR HIM WHEN HE GETS BACK!

The END

PAUL FUNG '84

BLONDIE

A CRUDE CUT!

DAGWOOD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

SNIP!

CLIP-

D-6775

I'M TRIMMING THIS BEAUTIFUL NEW PLANT YOU BOUGHT TODAY, SO IT WILL GROW BETTER!

BUT IT WILL NEVER GROW BACK ... THAT'S AN ARTIFICIAL PLANT!

I COULDN'T TELL ... WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO THE LIVE ONES?

THAT'S IT!

THE END

BLONDIE

GETTING INTO THE ACT!

AREN'T YOU GOING TO LET ME TAKE A NAP?

AW...I JUST GOT HERE

WE'LL...MY GOODNESS — YOU'D THINK MISS SHAW WOULD WEAR SOMETHING LESS REVEALING ON A WINDY DAY LIKE THIS!

D-7390

PAUL FUNG

THE END

TREETOP SAFETY

It was Flintlock's third swing, yet the tree still stood unscratched. Now Flintlock the tin man, was proud of his woodsmanship, so the tree's stubborn refusal to be chopped disturbed him.

"Listen to me, Tree," ordered the irate assembly of metal, "when I hit you with this tuned axe of mine, I expect you to fall as any decent tree would gladly do."

"Go jump in a vat of mayonnaise," suggested the mighty, white oak. "If you think I want to be kindled in some tin man's hearth, you must be crazy."

"I have seen your kind before," answered the oak, "and I have never known your kind to be kind. And don't call me Tree. I have a name — Quark."

"Okay, Quark," replied Flintlock, deciding not to add an unkind phrase he was thinking. "So you've seen tin woodsmen before, and I hazard to guess that others have tried to add you to their timber but what has happened to them that has caused their silence?"

"Nothing less than their death."

Flintlock stood speechless for a moment. If he had a throat like you or I, he would certainly have gulped. But all he could do was to shuffle his heavy feet, creak a bit, and ask, "So, you've killed my brothers?"

"Not I," explained the oak, coyly yet honestly. "I am quite harmless, but you are in the territory of the Eettummupp! Not only does my hardness protect me against your axe, but it also resists the powerful fangs of the Eettummupp. Otherwise I too would long since have been gone," explained Quark.

"Is there no defense?" asked the tin man.

"None. There is neither magic nor science strong enough to defeat the Eettummupp."

"Then there is no escape?"

"Now escape is a different story. There is but one way," advised the tree, as a roar came from the far horizon.

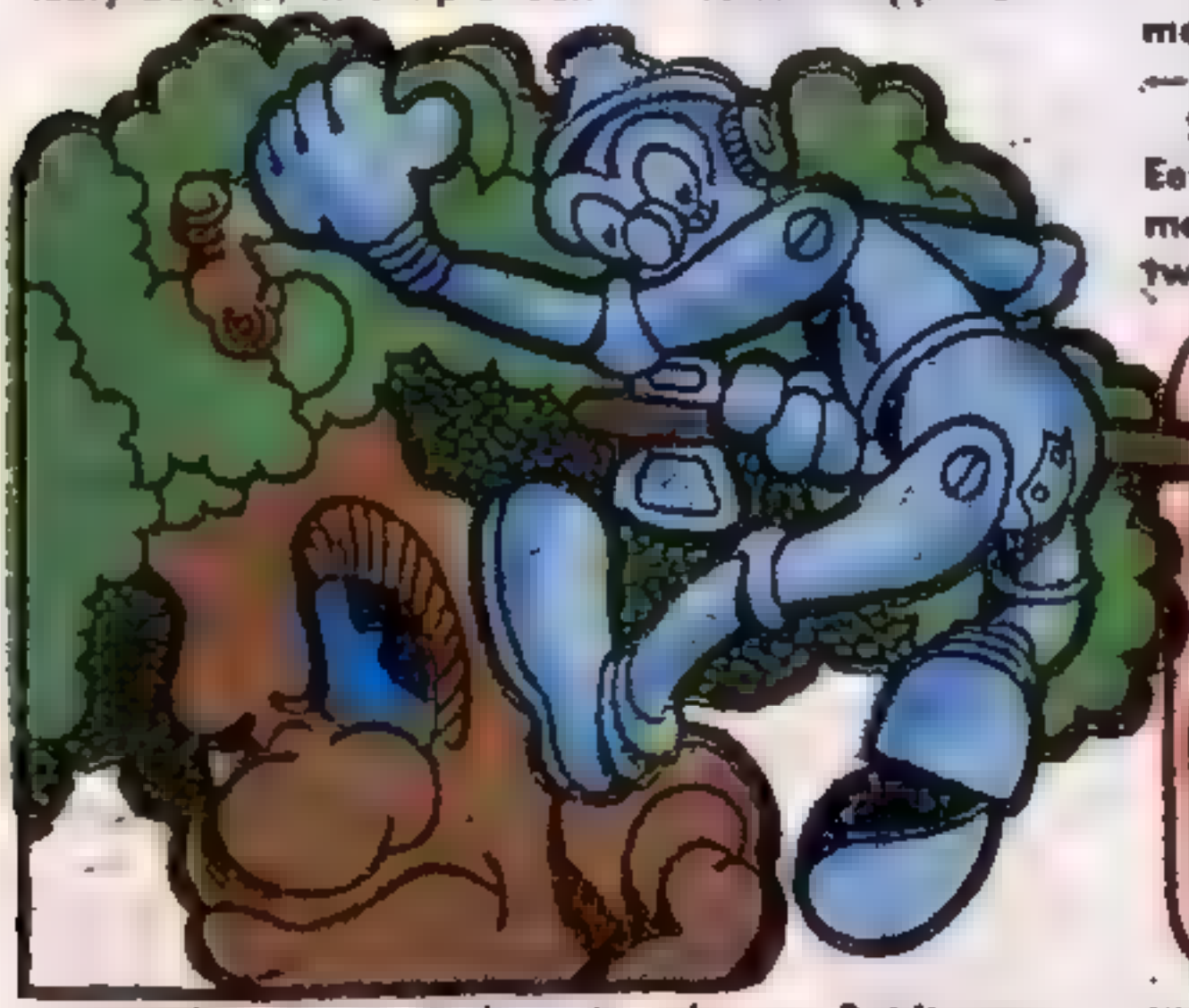
"What was that?" asked the quaking woodsman, not expecting a reassuring answer.

"That was, and still is, an Eettummupp."

"The escape ... the escape ... what is it?"

"Simple, dummy. You must climb me."

Without asking permission, Flintlock grasped the tree's lower branches, and pulled his great weight into leafy boughs, no simple feat. The Eettummupp was



now visible, a tiny speck against the sun. But it was moving fast, and would soon be upon them.

"Higher, higher," urged Quark as Flintlock pulled and pulled. By now he was panting heavily, but the Eettummupp's shape was becoming larger against the sun. And then it was only paces from the tree when it tripped and rolled over and over, finally crashing against the oak's steel - hard trunk.

"It tripped," gasped Flintlock, finally reaching a position of safety.

"It had a little help," admitted Quark. "I've sent had one of my roots for the occasion. Took a bit of timing, but I thought you'd like the result."

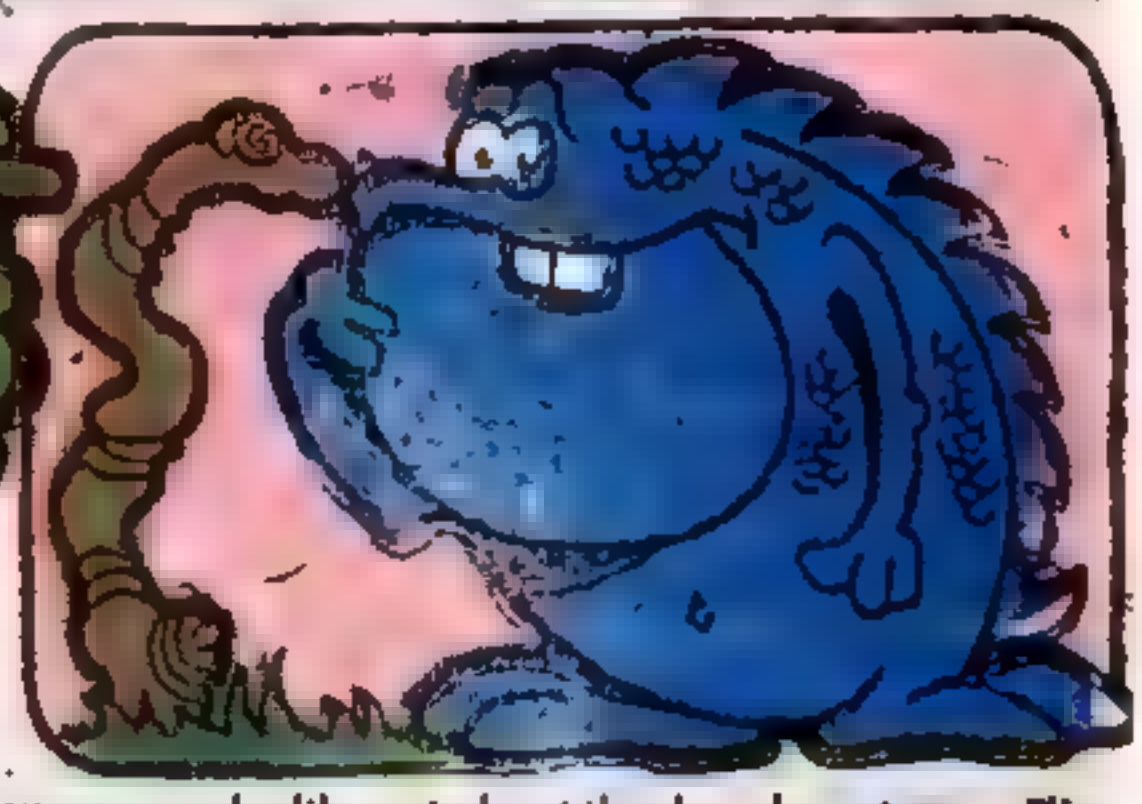
"I do, I do," panted the relieved woodsman. "But what do we do now?" Flintlock looked down at the Eettummupp, who was patiently lying on the ground, waiting.

"Just sit back and relax. They usually give up and leave in a week or two. Have a few acorns if you're hungry."

"Blagghkk!" replied Flintlock, courteously. "I realize your nuts are sweet, but I'm on a low worm diet."

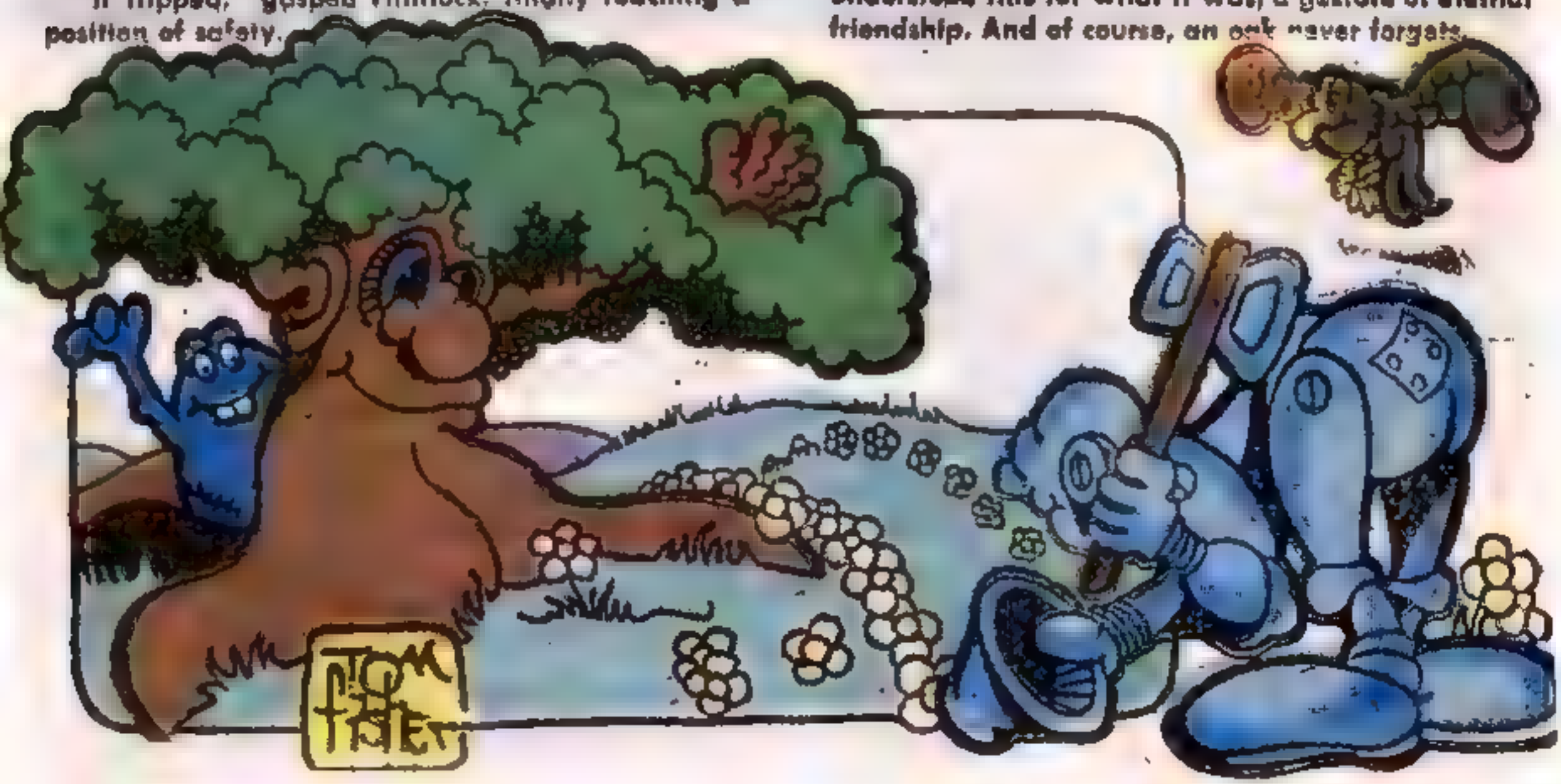
The oak did not seem to mind this obvious insult, but merely replied, "Then there's only one thing left to do — this."

Suddenly, the ground began to quake around the Eettummupp, cat - like in its pride, yet dog - like in its meanness. Before it could react, snakelike roots of steel twisted into the air, and twined above its head. They



wove a web - like net about the dazed creature as Flintlock exclaimed, "A cage! The Eettummupp's trapped."

"Nothing less," bragged Quark, scarcely concealing his pride. Flintlock was now free to dismount his dizzying perch. As he turned to leave, he stopped, spun about, removed his cap, which more appropriately could be called a funnel, and bowed. Quark understood this for what it was, a gesture of eternal friendship. And of course, an oak never forgets.



BLONDIE

IT'S THE WAY YOU DO IT!

WHAT A HORRIBLE THING TO HAPPEN TO A PERSON! I THOUGHT IT WAS IN HERE!

WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE?

OH, I'M LOOKING FOR SOMETHING AND I FORGOT WHAT IT WAS I'M LOOKING FOR!

MAYBE YOU FOUND IT!

FOUND WHAT?

WELL, WHAT WAS IT YOU LOST?

D-7547

DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD, DON'T GET ME CONFUSED!

I THINK IT BEST FOR ME TO GO DOWNSTAIRS AND TAKE A NAP!

DAGWOOD, WILL YOU ANSWER THE DOOR-BELL? I'M UPSTAIRS DRESSING!

RING!

WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITHOUT ME?

NOBODY OUT HERE AND I LOCKED MYSELF OUT ... I'LL HAVE TO RING FOR BLONDIE!

WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITHOUT ME?

I'M GOING BACK TO MY NAPPING!

DAGWOOD, WILL YOU ANSWER THE DOORBELL? I'M NOT THROUGH DRESSING!

HOW DO YOU DO, MR. BUMSTEAD... WE REPRESENT THE TASTY K-9 DOG FOOD COMPANY, AND WE HAVE SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO TELL YOU!

YOU, SIR, ARE A VERY LUCKY PERSON — WE HAVE CHOSEN YOUR DOG, DAISY, TO BE OUR DOG OF THE MONTH!

GOSH... REALLY?

WE SURE HAVE!

...SIR, IF YOU LET US TAKE HER PICTURE EATING OUR DOG FOOD WE'LL GIVE YOU THE GRAND SUM OF TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS!

DID YOU HEAR THAT, DAISY? YOU'LL BE FAMOUS!

AND BESIDES THE MONEY, WE GET A YEARS SUPPLY OF DOG FOOD!

DAISY, YOU'RE FAMOUS!

LOOK...SHE CAN'T WAIT TO EAT IT!

THAT'S WONDERFUL ...SHE'S GOING TO DO A GREAT JOB FOR THE PUBLICITY OF OUR DOG FOOD!

YOU'LL GET SOME GREAT PICTURES!

OH, MAN...JUST LOOK AT HER GO AFTER IT!

YOU SHOULD HAVE BROUGHT A MOVIE CAMERA!

DAISY

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

THE DOG WON'T EAT IT... SHE DOESN'T LIKE IT!

NAGH!

DAISY

DAISY, FORCE YOURSELF... WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? DON'T YOU REALIZE, IF YOU DON'T EAT, WE LOSE TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS!

YAHHH!

DAISY

I DIDN'T LIKE THEM ANYWAY!

THE DEAL IS OFF... YOU INSULTED OUR DOG FOOD!

DAISY, COME ON... JUST EAT A LITTLE... YOU DON'T HAVE TO EAT IT ALL... PLEASE?

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PLEASE, COME BACK... GIVE HER ANOTHER CHANCE ...SHE'S JUST A BIT HIGH-STRUNG AND NERVOUS... IT GAVE HER A TOUCH OF HEARTBURN ...PLEASE?

OH, NO! LOOK AT THAT ORNERY POOCH...WHY IS SHE EATING IT NOW?

THAT'S EASY...

DAISY

ALL I DID WAS PUT A LITTLE KETCHUP ON IT!

?

DAISY

SHAME ON YOU, DAISY! YOU REALLY LET ME DOWN—YOU BLEW IT!

I FEED YOU AND GIVE YOU A NICE WARM HOME AND WHAT DO I GET IN RETURN? INGRATITUDE, THAT'S WHAT!

SMACK

YOU WOMEN ARE ALL ALIKE...YOU THINK A KISS MAKES UP FOR EVERYTHING!

THE END